

Rolling Home

John Tams



Round goes the wheel of for - tune. Don't be afr - aid to ___ ride.

There's a land of milk ___ and ho - ney ___ waits ___ on the oth - er ___ side.

There'll be peace and there'll be ple - n - ty. You'll ne - ver ne - ed to roam.

When we go roll - ing ___ home, when w - e go ro - lling ___ home.

Roll - ing home, when we ___ go, Roll - ing home when we ___ go

Roll - - ing, roll - - ing, When we go ro - ll - ing ___ home.

And the gentry in their fine array do prosper night and morn
 While we into the fields must go to plough and sow the corn.
 The rich may steal the power, but the glory's ours alone.
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Rolling home, when we go, Rolling home when we go
 Rolling, rolling, When we go rolling home.

The summer of resentment. The winter of 'despair.
 The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare.
 Stand true and stand together. Your labour is your own.
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

(Chorus)

The frost lies on the hedgerows and the icy winds do blow
 While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow.
 Our dreams fly up to glory – up where larks have flown.
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

(Chorus)

So pass the bottle round and let the toast go free.
 Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be.
 Fair wages now and ever. Lets reap what we have sown.
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

(Chorus)